



Charlotte and the Wolf



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Chapter 1 by Manda

I was walking home one day and I thought I heard something behind me. I turned around there was nothing there. I started walking again, this time I heard a low growl. I started running. I didn't want to look back because I thought if I looked back I wouldn't see anything. I finally got home and I looked behind me for just a second I thought I saw something hide. I ran inside in case if it was a stray animal and today not really wanting to get bit by it. I heard a quiet knock on the door. I looked out the window. It was Alecia my best friend. I thought I was going crazy. I told what happened and she gave me this look that said your crazy. I looked in her eyes and there was a hint of fear...

Chapter 2 by Luke Meyers



As Alecia walked into the house, two large, rough men in riding leathers appeared from either side of the door and shoved their way in behind her. "I'm sorry," Alecia pleaded to me, before one of the men kicked her in the back and sent her stumbling to the floor. He pulled a shotgun from over his shoulder and trained it on her. "Stay down."

The other man backed me into a corner, pinned me with his eyes. They were gray, cold, weary. His lips parted, and a low animal growl rumbled from deep in his chest.

He spoke. "You are Charlotte."

Eyes wide with terror, I nodded. I tried to keep from crying. Alecia was whimpering on the floor.

"This is for you," I finished as he reached into his jacket pocket but all he with drew was a medium-sized jewelry box. "Take it."

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Chapter 3 by intellikat



"A present. Don't ask from whom. You should know soon enough."

The men backed up slowly, the one with the shotgun still training it on me. And then, they were gone.

Alecia was sobbing. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry..."

"Shhh, Alecia. I don't blame you. The County's men are cruel." I looked through a parted window shade into the wooded glen beyond, and then moved to my friend. "I suppose I have no choice in the matter now."

"The Wolf's Ball?"

"Yes. To be one of the County's maidens." I sighed and sank into a chair. "My god, what a thing. Help me make preparations. But this I promise you. If the County intends to take my virginity by full moon this month, his fat belly will take the sharpened edge of my blade first. My father would expect no less."

Chapter 4 by intellikat



The Wolf's Ball. A hideous thing by name, even if one did not know the proceedings. Once a month, the County would determine twelve maidens from his lands who he deemed fit to grace his chambers, and for some, his bed. Each were "invited" to the Ball via the small stone figurine that Charlotte now held. Twelve tiny wolves, twelve different gemstones for eyes. The colour of the stone represented what the County desired from each... blue for handmaidens, yellow for mistresses, red for wives. It was a hideous proceeding, the Ball. This horrific "invitation" by armed men was but a taste of things to come. To call the event a "Ball" was chilling itself. Though all who attended were dressed in their best, there were little diversions that full-mooned night. It was all simply an opportunity for the County to ogle and determine how best to execute his desires.

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